

The Musical World.

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HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(From our own Correspondent.)

HEREFORD, MONDAY, AUGUST 20TH.

THE one hundred and thirty-second meeting of the choirs of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester, which commences here tomorrow, promises, in a great measure, to surpass its predecessors. More tickets have been already sold (if we have not been misinformed), up to the present moment, than were disposed of during the entire festival of 1852. The increased accessibility to the ancient city by the modern railway has, no doubt, chiefly conduced to this result. The extension of the Great Western, *via* Gloucester and Ross, and the completion of the Shrewsbury and Hereford Railways, will tempt hundreds to the Festival, whom the thought of a long journey by coach would have deterred. The town already gives promise of a very successful meeting. The streets are full of life, and each new train augments, as it arrives, the influx of strangers. The weather, moreover, is fine; the rain, which fell in torrents last night for some hours, has disappeared, and there is every prospect of a long reign of sunshine. The stewards, I am informed, have been more than usually zealous in their endeavours to render the present meeting, in every respect, worthy of the exalted patronage indirectly accorded to it—the Hereford Musical Festival being under the especial sanction of Her Majesty Queen Victoria. A handsome sum for the charity is anticipated; and of this, indeed, no doubt can be entertained, should the present favourable weather continue.

The Herefordshire Militia, for some time quartered on the inhabitants of the town, has been ordered to Aldershot, and is expected to leave early on Wednesday morning. It was thought, I do not know why, that their presence might interfere with the conduct of the Festival. More likely the rooms occupied *gratis* by the men were in request. Application was made in the proper quarter, and they were desired to hold themselves in readiness to depart. The regiment is composed of fine young men, though the uniform is of the dingiest—the cuffs especially, the colour of which is inappreciable—and boasts of an *intolerable* band, which animates the streets with strange and unwelcome noises.

To refresh the memories of the benevolent, I may as well perhaps allude to the fact, that the musical meetings of the three choirs of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester, were founded for the benefit of widows and orphans of clergymen of the three dioceses. They are aided by the diocesan clerical charities, and the proceeds, of late years, have averaged to each widow twenty pounds, and to every orphan fifteen. The present number of applicants is twenty-five orphans and eight widows, which proves that the Institution is in need of immediate assistance; while the necessity of future support is evident from the fact, that there are, within the three dioceses, one hundred and forty-seven benefices with incomes *below* £100 *per annum*. The incomes of the Bishop and Dean are considerably higher.

In 1852 it was feared that a dissolution of the three choirs was inevitable. The Worcester committee complained—and not without a show of reason—that their diocese contributed more than a proportionate share to the funds of the charity; and that from the interest of a vested property of their own they were obliged to advance sixty pounds triennially to the Hereford Festival, and the same to Gloucester, instead of augmenting the proceeds of the Worcester Festival by the three years' receipts in gross. Worcester, the most amply endowed of the three, fancied it could dispense altogether with the aid of the sister counties, and, following the example of Birmingham and Norwich, instituted a Festival on its own account. Hereford, too, was considered by Gloucester and Worcester as hanging back in zeal and enterprise; and certainly the attractions provided at the last four or five meetings gave strong colour to the supposition. The dissolution, however, did not take place; Hereford promised to display greater energy in future, and the three choirs are now more united than ever.

The orchestra, as on former occasions, selected from the bands of the Royal Italian Opera and Philharmonic Society, is numerous

and efficient, counting nearly sixty first-rate performers. They are as follows:—

Violins—Messrs. H. Blagrove, J. T. Willy, W. Blagrove, J. Calkin, E. T. Chipp, Clementi, Cusins, Dando, Hill, E. S. Jones, J. Jones, Levason, A. Mellon, N. Mori, Pritchard, Ribbon, Seymour, Streather, Watson, Zerbini; Violas—Messrs. H. Hill, Bailey, R. Blagrove, Glanville, Trust, Weslake; Violoncellos—Messrs. Lucas, W. L. Phillips, G. Calkin, H. Chipp, Reed; Double Basses—Messrs. Howell, Flower, Edgar, Reynolds, Severn; Harp—Mr. Trust; Flutes—Messrs. Pratten, E. Card; Oboes—Messrs. Nicholson, Malsch; Clarinets—Messrs. Williams, Lazarus; Bassoons—Messrs. Baumann, Godfrey; Trumpets—Messrs. T. Harper, Irwin; Horns—Messrs. C. Harper, Rae, Mann, Standen; Trombones; Messrs. Hawkes, Horton, Healy; Serpent—Mr. Andre; Drums—Mr. Chipp.

The choral force is selected from the three cathedral choirs of Hereford, Gloucester, and Worcester, the choral societies of these places and of Liverpool. The principal vocalists we have already mentioned. The engagement of Grisi and Mario has created great satisfaction, and will no doubt beneficially affect the receipts. The accomplished Italian singers arrived to-day by rail from Shrewsbury.

At the cathedral this morning, there was a rehearsal of Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*, Spohr's *Christian's Prayer*, Mozart's *Twelfth Man*, and some of the choruses from *Elijah*. Some improvement is manifested in the choir, especially in the *soprani*, whose voices are for the most part fresh and strong. The London choristers have been altogether left out, which is hard upon them; and it remains to be proved whether in this reform Mr. Townshend Smith and his advisers have acted judiciously. The restorations of the Cathedral, which have been carried out to a great extent, were suggested and designed by the late Dean Merewether, in 1842, with the professional assistance of the well-known architect, Mr. Cottingham. The interior of the sacred edifice is almost entirely renovated, and looks now, in many respects, like a new building in the old style. Every thing has been done to preserve the original character and features. The countless delicacies of detail, the ingenious forms and devices of Gothic architecture, have been, as far as possible, scrupulously respected. The eye, nevertheless, is not altogether satisfied. The colour of the new stone does not seem to harmonize with that of the ancient structure, and the ceiling is painted after a fashion conformable to a certain modern fantastic taste. Time will doubtless, to some extent, remedy the former; the latter is irremediable. The Cathedral at Gloucester, I understand, is also about to be restored. The committee appointed to carry out the work would do well to avoid what has been done in the Hereford Cathedral—at least so far as the ceiling is concerned. The cost of the renovations at Hereford, up to the present time, has amounted to nearly twenty-five thousand pounds. The cathedral arrangements have undergone considerable alterations. In 1852 a screen was introduced behind the orchestra, which separated the nave from the choir, to prevent the sound from escaping. The screen has been removed, and the orchestra carried back some forty or fifty feet, being partly enclosed. Above, an excellent sounding-board is created. A greater number of places by this means has been secured. The principal seats on the floor of the nave are arranged with special regard to comfort, and have been provided with backs. These contain numbered seats for 617 persons. The western gallery will accommodate 261, and the aisles four or five hundred.

TUESDAY MORNING.

The rehearsal at the Shire Hall last night was not satisfactory, since the room is by no means well-adapted for sound. Of course, not being one-third full, there was more reverberation than there will be at the performances. Many of the pieces announced in the programmes were gone over. Grisi and Mario attended, and were received by all present with great applause. Much interest attached to the performances of Master Arthur Napoléon, the young Portuguese pianist, who, for the last twelvemonth has been travelling throughout England. This boy possesses extraordinary capabilities, and I am inclined to think has genius. With proper care and pains bestowed upon his education, he

might become one of the greatest executants of his day. At the present time his playing, however wonderful, does not altogether indicate the hoped-for excellence, and his powers are, I fear, being used up and frittered away, instead of fostered and matured. The majority of the hearers only think of the prodigious execution and physical energy displayed in one so young, and are indifferent to want of finish, budding vices of style, and other deficiencies. Their indiscriminate applause, consequently, bodes no good to future success. It is not yet too late, however, to withdraw this really gifted boy from what to him is the dangerous atmosphere of public life. If the present course be persisted in, it will either kill him or destroy his talent altogether. Master Napoléon is worth taking care of, and it would be a shame to those who have an interest in his welfare, to sacrifice so much promise to the desire of immediate gain. They should remember the fable of the goose with the golden egg.

The concerts, by the way, provide no new features this time. The same old-fashioned miscellaneous jumble presents itself as at the London concerts in or out of season. Miss Clara Novello sings "Ocean, thou mighty monster"—as usual; Mr. Weiss sings his own "Village Blacksmith," to which he is naturally attached—as usual; Miss Dolby sings "Over the sea," on whose "azure brow," as far as she is concerned, "time writes no wrinkles"—as usual; duets from *Linda di Chamouni*, *Roberto Devereux*, etc., ballads worried to death, sentimental airs, tender trios and quartets, which have seen their best days, indeed, constitute, as usual, the staple commodity of the programmes. Hereford, however, is a long way from London, and the people of North Wales are not supposed to be *blacks* like your metropolitan music-hunters. Mr. Townshend Smith, the zealous conductor—who was at his post yesterday, both in the Cathedral and in the Shire-Hall—appeared to take as much pains as practicable under the circumstances with everything.

I have just learned that the departure of the militia is countermanded, and that they will not leave Hereford for some time. The men, and the officers still more particularly, are not at all anxious to leave Hereford in the season of festivities.

WEDNESDAY.

The Festival was inaugurated yesterday morning, at the Cathedral, with the overture to Spohr's *Last Judgment*. The full service then commenced, with "Preces," "Responses," and Chant to "Venite," by Tallis, and the Psalms, with the chant of Mr. Townshend Smith. Händel's "Dettingen Te Deum," solos by Miss Dolby, Mad. Weiss, Mr. Montem Smith, Mr. Weiss, and Mr. Barnby, and chorus, was followed by a new "Jubilate," written expressly for the Festival by Mr. G. Townshend Smith, in which the vocalists were the same. After the third Collect, a trio and chorus from the *Creation*—"The Heavens are telling"—was sung, Mad. Weiss, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Weiss, singing in the trio. Before the sermon, Mendelssohn's 98th Psalm, "Sing to the Lord," the solo parts by Misses Moss and Dolby, Messrs. Montem Smith and Weiss; and after the sermon, the "Hallelujah Chorus" from the *Mount of Olives*, were performed. The attendance was by no means large, which, considering the nature of the performance, was not to be wondered at. People must be more religious than musical, who would pay to hear a common cathedral service chanted, with the addition of such pieces, however sublime, as Händel's "Dettingen Te Deum," which has no business whatsoever in a modern service, since it relates to a victory about which no one living cares a straw. Mr. Townshend Smith's "Jubilate," although not so sublime as Händel's "Te Deum," was composed for the occasion. The perpetration of Händel's work, on the contrary, at every meeting in each of the three cities, year after year, is a mistake. If to commence these Festivals with a service at all be obligatory, the people should be admitted gratis—at least to the aisles. It would be better, in my opinion, however, to commence the Festival at once with the performance of a sacred Oratorio.

The Liturgy was intoned by Mr. Goss; the first lesson was read by Archdeacon Freer; and the second by the Hon. and Rev. Lord Saye and Sele. The sermon was preached by the Rev. W. P. Hopton, rector of Bishop's Frome, and one of the stewards, who took for his text the first chapter and fifth verse of Isaiah, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters;

and he that hath no money, come ye, buy and eat; yea, come buy wine and milk, without money and without price." The collection at the doors amounted to upwards of £170.

The first Concert, last night, attracted a large assembly to the Shire Hall, although the Tuesday's attendance is generally small. The programme offered nothing particular in the shape of novelty. The band played two overtures, the *Jubilee* of Weber, and Sterndale Bennett's *Wood Nymphs*. The first was an admirable performance: the second quite the reverse. Madame Grisi sang "Casta diva," better than might have been expected, considering that she had had a blister applied to her throat some hours previously. Signor Mario was encored in "Il mio tesoro," and Mr. Sims Reeves in Purcell's "Come, if you dare." These were the gems of the concert, and both were received with enthusiasm. Mr. Sims Reeves is a great favourite here. His reception was most flattering, and he sang in his finest manner. Encores were also awarded to Mr. Montem Smith (brother of the conductor) in "Good bye, sweetheart"—which he gave in a very agreeable manner; to Mad. Weiss in "Oh! is it not a pleasant thing," from Mr. Smart's new opera, *Berta*; and to Miss Dolby in "Over the sea." Madame Clara Novello sang "Ocean, thou mighty monster" and an *aria* from Mercadante's *Il Giuramento*. The last was exquisitely given; the former does not so well suit the singer, whose especial style is not the declamatory. Between the parts Master Arthur Napoléon played Thalberg's *Moss Fantasia*, which created a perfect furor. He then, being encored, played Liszt's *fantasia* on *Lucia di Lammermoor*. The last, by far the best performance, though by far the worst music, obtained the least applause. Both these difficult works, as yet, are beyond the physical and mechanical means of this youthful pianist, who, nevertheless, exhibited surprising manual power, and better still, intelligence.

The town is filling fast, and *Elijah*, to the performance of which I am just going, will no doubt fill every part of the cathedral.

The bell-ringers from the Gloucester cathedral came over yesterday, and rang several peals on the bells of All Saints, church, in honour of the Festival. The bells of the Hereford cathedral have not been used for sixteen years, in consequence of the dismantling of the belfry for the purpose of the repairs.

The weather continues splendid, and the chances of a successful meeting are now more than ever probable.

THURSDAY.

The performance of *Elijah* yesterday, at the Cathedral, as was anticipated, attracted a large number of persons of all ranks. There were 307 in the nave, 195 in the gallery, and 184 in the aisles, while the general tickets numbered nearly one hundred. The collection at the doors, after the performance, amounted to £207 19s. 11d.—a larger amount than has been generally obtained on the second day of the Festival here.

During the entire day, the old city of Hereford has presented an exceedingly gay and animated appearance. Vehicles of all sorts, from huge lumbering family barouches of elder days, which comfortably carried a large household party, to the exclusive brougham with its twin freight, and the Irish "low-back'd car," with the "well" in the middle, were continually arriving, until the streets in the neighbourhood of the Cathedral were completely crowded. The weather again was delightful, and the sun shone out with real festival brightness. Everybody looked happy, and even the militiamen, who are continually drilled in the street facing the Shire-hall, and in the hottest part of the day, seemed perfectly content, and in no wise envious of their more fortunate brethren, who were wending their way to the Cathedral, with their best clothes on, and their tickets in their hands.

The general execution of Mendelssohn's great work was creditable to all concerned. The chorus, on the whole, was steady and correct—with the exception of a few errors in the first part, hardly worth mentioning—and the band was nearly all that could be desired. The principal vocalists were Mesdames Clara Novello and Weiss, Misses Moss and Dolby, Signor Mario, Messrs. Sims Reeves, Montem Smith, Weiss, H. Barnby, J. Barnby, and Taylor. Signor Mario was engaged to sing the first tenor song, "If with all your hearts," and no more. The com-

mittee, no doubt, thought it would give a greater weight to the attraction to have the names both of Mario and Sims Reeves in the programme, and, as it proved, they were quite right in their calculation. The impression produced on the audience by Signor Mario's English singing was as decided as when he sang "Then shall the righteous," at Birmingham; and the Bishop of Hereford, exercising an established privilege, gave the signal for an encore. The other encores were, the trio, "Lift thine eyes," by Mesdames Clara Novello, Weiss, and Dolby, and the air, "O rest in the Lord," by Miss Dolby, and "Then shall the righteous," superbly sung by Mr. Sims Reeves. Mr. Townshend Smith took the greatest pains with his conducting, but, as Richard Wagner says of Hector Berlioz, he was occasionally the victim of an "anxious polyscopy." The chorus, "Baal, we cry to thee," and indeed several other choruses, were taken too slow, and lost much of their effect in consequence.

The second concert, at the Shire-hall, in the evening, was better than that of the preceding night. There was, however, the same absence of novelty, the same worn-out airs, duos, etc., the same carelessness in the general performance. It was evident that few of the pieces had been rehearsed, and the gentlemen of the orchestra appeared quite indifferent whether they went well or ill. I have seldom heard the overture to *Guillaume Tell* played worse. The overture to *Edmont* was better, but by no means perfect. The *finale* to *Loreley*, which should have been made one of the greatest features of the concert, was badly executed, from first to last, except by Mad. Clara Novello, in the arduous and difficult solos. The concert-room in the Shire-hall is not constructed on accurate acoustic principles. The excessive reverberation may be owing entirely to its squareness of form; but to those near the orchestra the forte "fortissimos" sound little better than a jumble of confusion.

Among the performances entitled to notice were Madame Grisi's "Bel ruggio"—which exhibited so much of the ancient fire as to elicit a unanimous encore; Mr. Sims Reeves's "Ade-laida"—in the proper key, admirable as ever (and well accompanied by Mr. Done); Madame Clara Novello's "Deh vieni"—encored as it well deserved to be; the quartet from *I Puritani*, "A te, o cara," by Madame Grisi, Signor Mario, Messrs. Montem Smith, and Weiss—re-demanded with loud applause; and Mr. Lovell Phillip's *terzetto* with chorus, "Ecco al fin," a graceful and musician-like composition, extremely well sung by Madame Clara Novello, Madame and Mr. Weiss. Mario and Grisi sang the well-known duet from *Roberto Devereux*, and Mr. Sims Reeves introduced Tamberlik's *scena*, "Ah! si ben mio," from *Il Trovatore*. The effect of Signor Verdi's *bryant morceau* was not enhanced by the substitution of a pianoforte accompaniment for the orchestra. Moreover, it is unsuited to the concert-room, and loses character by being deprived of stage accessions. Mr. Sims Reeves sang it with immense vigour, nevertheless, and when he tries it with the orchestra, we shall see what we shall see.

The Hall was very full, and the receipts far surpassed those of the past concerts. After the performance there was dancing, which, however, detained very few who had attended the concert. The Grand Dress Ball takes place on Friday, when the Festival is concluded; and, to this, it is expected, all the "élite" of the three counties will come. At the ball last night, there were never, at any part of the evening, two hundred persons present.

The weather, which was threatening last night, changed this morning, and the rain, with little cessation, fell from five till nine. It is now, however, at half-past ten, clearing up, and the sun is making strong efforts to break the masses of clouds which enshroud him in their dark embrace. A fine day, or a rainy day, would make a vast difference to the charity. People are never so benevolent as when they are comfortable, and are never so well inclined to appreciate the wants of others as when they want nothing themselves. Sorrow makes us all selfish.

I am just going to the Cathedral to hear Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang*, Spohr's *Christian's Prayer*, Mozart's *Twelfth Mass*—entitled "*Service*," (of course) to conciliate the good Protestant subjects of a good Protestant Queen, who would (of course) be horrified at the notion of a Roman Catholic Mass—and a new

overture, *St. Polycarp*, the composition of the Rev. Sir F. A. Gore Ouseley, Bart., which constitute the morning selection.

HALF-PAST THREE.

The performance this morning lasted from half-past eleven until twenty minutes past three, far too long for one sitting. In addition to the *Lobgesang* ("Hymn of Praise,") the "*Christian's Prayer*," Mozart's Twelfth Mass, and the Overture to *St. Polycarp*—as if there was not enough for one programme—Martin Luther's Hymn, for Madame Clara Novello, and "Sound an alarm," for Mr. Sims Reeves, must needs be added. These were welcome, however, on the grounds of their merit and the effects they produced on the audience. Luther's Hymn was admirably sung by the lady and chorus, and the trumpet *obbligato* played to perfection by Mr. T. Harper. Mr. Sims Reeves was called on to repeat the war-air from *Judas Maccabeus*, which he sang with magnificent energy.

Mendelssohn's *Symphonia Cantata*, was, perhaps, with one or two exceptions, the weakest performance in the Cathedral during the Festival. The band and chorus were never quite up to the mark, though Mesdames Clara Novello and Weiss, and Mr. Sims Reeves, the principals—sang their very best. The duet, "I waited for the Lord"—by Mesdames Clara Novello and Weiss—was redemanded by the Bishop. The audience were evidently interested, not only in the choral, but in the less easily understood orchestral movements. The two fine airs—"He counted all your sorrows," and the touching recitative—"Watchman, will the night soon pass!"—were given by Mr. Sims Reeves.

Of the overture to *St. Polycarp* I cannot pretend to offer an opinion. *St. Polycarp* is a curious subject for instrumental music, and it is difficult to suggest how he should be handled. The work of the Rev. Sir Gore Ouseley would seem to insinuate that, in the opinion of our Oxford musical Professor, he (*St. Polycarp*) was a very simple kind of person. We have never heard, at any rate, a more simple overture.

The solos in the *Christian's Prayer* were entrusted to Mad. Weiss, Miss Dolby, Mr. Montem Smith, and Mr. Weiss. It is lucky Mr. Weiss has got a pair of strong shoulders, to sustain all that is placed upon them. He has sung all the bass music in everything up to the present time without appearing fatigued in the least. He is, indeed, invaluable. Spohr's work did not create much sensation; Mozart's Mass—with the perfect singing of Mesdames Grisi, Clara Novello, Dolby; Signor Mario, and Mr. Weiss—was more effective; but it came too late. The Mass is full of beauties, but its general character is little devotional, and this was more deeply felt after the *Lobgesang*. The fact is, that what is written to illustrate certain portions of the Roman Catholic ritual, to be sung during a performance in which some action is going forward, is not calculated to be heard to the same advantage in a cathedral, where the eye is not fed, and the mind invents its own solemnity, and will not admit of adventitious aid from externals. Mozart wrote his masses for Roman Catholic churches, to be sung at high mass, with pomp and magnificence, not in huge cathedrals, the legitimate domain of gravity and seriousness.

Seven hundred and eleven persons were present in the Cathedral, and the collection at the door amounted to £215 15s. 11d.

I shall not be able to send you a notice of the concert this evening, or the performance at the Cathedral to-morrow morning, in time for Saturday's issue. There is no possibility of getting a packet sent to London by the train after half-past three in the afternoon, and this, even if sent by that time to-morrow, would arrive too late. I must therefore defer it until next week, when I shall send all particulars, with the general result of the meeting.

D. R.

ALBONI AND MAD. GIRARDIN.—As we all know, Alboni is not only celebrated for her beautiful voice, but, also, for her bodily size. The late Mad. Girardin is reported to have uttered the following *bon mot* respecting the great vocalist. "What is Alboni, then?" asked some one, evidently no *habitué* of the opera. "What is she?" replied Mad. Girardin, "Why, she is an elephant, who has swallowed a nightingale."

up, out of the contemplation of Nature, to the creation of gods and heroes. In one of these sagas—*Siegfried's Saga*—we are at present enabled to see with tolerable distinctness their primitive source, which enlightens us not a little with regard to the constitution of the myth generally. We behold, in the saga just named, the natural phenomena, such as those of day and night, and the rising and setting of the sun, consolidated by the imagination into active individualities, venerated or feared on account of their deeds, and finally transformed from humanly-imagined gods into anthropomorphosed heroes, who were said to have once actually lived, and from whom existing races and nations boasted they had bodily sprung. Thus, the myth, restricting and fashioning, justifying pretensions and exciting to action, extended into real life, where it was not only cherished as a religious faith, but manifested even as a religion proved by actions. An unbounded store of venerated events and actions filled up this religious myth, fashioned into an heroic saga; but however varied the manner in which these actions, celebrated in poetry and song, might be displayed, still they all appeared to be only variations of a certain very decided type of occurrences, and one which, when fundamentally investigated, we are enabled to reduce to a simple religious notion. In this religious notion, borrowed from the contemplation of Nature, the most diversified expressions of the endlessly ramified saga still possessed, with the undisturbed development of the myth properly so-called, a continually nourishing source from which they sprang; however the shapes assumed by the saga among the various nations and races might be enriched by actual occurrences, the poetical conformation of the new element always proceeded involuntarily in a way which was, once for all, peculiar to the poetical mode of looking at things, and this took deep root in the same religious view of nature, which had formerly produced the primitive myth.

The poetically plastic power of these nations was thus also a religious, and, unconsciously, common one, rooted in the primitive view of the constitution of things. But Christianity now attacked the roots; the pious zeal of Christians for making converts could not get at the immense store of boughs and leaves of the Germanic folk's-tree, but it strove to pull up the roots with which this store had grown up in the soil of existence. Christianity abrogated the religious faith, the fundamental view of the constitution of Nature, driving it away by a new mode of looking at things, and one which was diametrically opposed to the old ones. If it could not ever succeed in completely rooting out the ancient faith, it, at least, deprived the latter of its luxuriantly procreative artistic strength; what, however, had already outgrown this, namely the richly proportioned saga, now remained, like the branches separated from their trunk and roots, the fruit, which, no longer nourished from its sap, only sparingly nourished the people itself. Where previously, in the people's religious mode of viewing things, the bond connecting, in unity, the shapes of the saga, however varied they might be, had existed, there could, after the breaking-up of this bond, remain nothing but a loose and confused assemblage of motley shapes, that, without substance or connection, floated in the imagination which now merely sought to be amused, without being any longer creative. After becoming impotent, the myth itself was decomposed into its separate and already existing component parts, its unity broken into thousandfold multiplicity, and the core of its actions into an immense quantity of actions. The latter, of themselves simply individualisations of a great primitive action, personal variations, as it were, of one and the same action, necessary to the constitution of the people as a means of utterance for it, were further broken-up and distorted that they might be again arbitrarily united and employed at pleasure, for the purpose of satisfying the restless impulse of an imagination, which—inwardly lamed, and despoiled of the plastic power acting in an outward direction—could now only devour externalities but no longer give forth anything internal from within itself. The breaking-up and extinction of the German epos, as displayed in the repulsive shapes of the *Heldenbuch*, is manifested in an immense mass of actions, which is swollen out the more in proportion as the particular substance of each separate action is lost.

To this myth—of whose primitive, life-like relations the

people had, by the adoption of Christianity, completely lost all comprehension—the Christian-religious view of matters was added, as if to animate it afresh, after the life of its one and indivisible body had, through death, been merged in the multiplicity of lives of myriads of fable-like worms. The above mode of viewing matters could, according to its most intimate idiosyncrasy, only, properly speaking, illuminate *this death* of the myth, and deck it out with mystic transfiguration: it justified, in some degree, its death, by representing, in its whimsical caprice, all the mass-like actions, of themselves, not to be explained or justified by any sentiment still understood by the people and peculiar to them, crossing and recrossing one another most confusedly, and, not being able to comprehend their justifying motives, referring them all to the Christian death as the terminating point of redemption. The Christian romance of knight-errantry that affords us, in this, the true expression of the life of the Middle Ages, begins with the remains of the many-lived corpse of the old heroic myth—with a multiplicity of actions, whose true meaning strikes us as incomprehensible and arbitrary, because the motives of them, founded upon a view of life far different from the Christian view of it, are lost for the poet; to represent the want of aim and the insufficiency of these actions by themselves, and, out of them, to justify, for our involuntarily feeling, the necessity of the destruction of the personages engaged—either through the sincere adoption of the Christian rules of life, inciting to contemplation and inactivity, or by the uttermost proof possible of the Christian mode of viewing matters, namely martyrdom itself—such was the natural tendency and task of the religious poem of knight-errantry.

The primitive subject-matter of the action of the heathen myth had, however, already been enriched, even to the most exaggerated diversity, by the admixture of the subjects of every kind of national saga, like the Germanic subject, separated from their roots. All nations which professed Christianity were torn by it from the soil of their natural mode of viewing matters, the poetic creations that had sprung therefrom being transformed into phantasms for the unbridled imagination. During the Crusades, the Lands of the East and the West had, in their mass-like connection with each other, exchanged these subjects, and extended their varied nature even to monstrosity. If the people formerly understood in the myth only the *indigenous* element, it sought, now that it had lost the power of comprehending the latter, for indemnification in a constant renewal of the *foreign* element. Most ravenously did it devour everything strange and unusual; its phantasy, madly eager for food, exhausted all possible combinations of the powers of the human imagination, in order to dissipate them in adventures of the most unheard of and motley description. At last, the Christian mode of viewing matters could no longer guide this impulse, although the original creator of it, since it was primitively nothing more than the impetus to fly from the reality which was not understood, and seek satisfaction in an imaginary world. This imaginary world, however great the license in which the imagination might revel, necessarily took as its models the phenomena of the real world; the imagination could at last only follow in this instance the same course as in the myth; it compressed all the realities it could understand of the actual world into poetical pictures, in which it individualised the essence of totalities, and thus raised them to the rank of extraordinary wonders. This impulse of the imagination, too, tended again, in truth, as in the myth, only to the discovery of the reality—the reality, in fact, of an immensely far-spreading outward world and it was not long ere it was confirmed, in this sense, by facts. The impulse for adventures, in which men longed to realise the pictures of their imagination, was at length consolidated into an impulse for enterprise, in which, after the fruitlessness of adventure had been felt a thousandfold, the coveted end of the knowledge of the outward world, in the enjoyment of the fruits of actual experience, was sought for, with zealous earnestness directed to the decided attainment of its object. Daring voyages of discovery, undertaken with conscious purpose, and profound scientific investigations founded upon their results, at last displayed the world to us as it really is. Through this knowledge was the romance of the Middle Ages destroyed, and the pour-

travay of *imaginary* phenomena followed by the pourtrayal of their reality.

This reality had remained untouched and undistorted by our errors only in the phenomena of *Nature* inaccessible to our activity. To the reality of *human life*, however, our errors attached themselves with the most distorting constraint. To overcome these, also, and to recognise the life of man in conformity with the necessity of his individual and social nature, as well as, since it is in our power, to *fashion* it—such has been the impulse of humanity, ever since it gained the power, outwardly, of recognising the phenomena of *Nature* in their essence; because from this knowledge we have obtained the standard for the knowledge of the constitution of man as well.

The Christian mode of viewing things, which had involuntarily created the impulse of man to without, but which could not from its own resources either nourish or guide it, had, in the face of this phenomenon, drawn itself up within itself, as a stiff-necked dogma, as if to escape from the phenomenon it could not understand. Here was manifested the real weakness and contradictory nature of this mode of viewing things. Actual life and the cause of its phenomena had always been something incomprehensible for it. It had been the less able to overcome the discord between the State as established by law and the involuntariness of the individual man, because in that alone were its origin and existence rooted; if the individual man were fully reconciled with society, if, in fact, he derived from it the fullest satisfaction of his impulse for happiness, every necessity for the Christian mode of looking at matters was abrogated, and Christianity itself practically annihilated. As, however, this mode of viewing matters had sprung up in the human mind from this discord, Christianity, as an universal phenomenon, entirely derived its sustenance from the continuation of it, and the *intentional maintenance* of this discord necessarily became the vital task of the Church, immediately she became entirely conscious of the source whence she derived her life.

The Christian Church, also, had struggled for unity; all manifestations of life were to meet in her as in the common central point of life. She was not, however, the central, but an extreme point of life, for the secret of the purest Christian principle was death. Now, at the other extreme point was the natural source of life itself, which death could only overcome by annihilation; but the power which constantly conducted this said life to Christian death was no other than the State itself. The State was the real source of life for the Christian Church, who chafed against herself, when she battled against the State. What the Church combated, in her ambitious, but *honest* religious zeal of the Middle Ages was the remains of old heathen ideas, which were expressed in the individual self-justification of temporal potentates, whom the Church oppressed by imposing on them the task of seeking their justification by divine confirmation through herself, but forcibly to the consolidation of the securely established and settled State, as if she felt that such a State was necessary for her own existence. Thus, the Christian Church was, at last, obliged to aid in strengthening her own exact opposite, the State, in order to render her own existence possible in a dualistic one; she became a political power herself, because she felt she could only exist in a political world. The Christian mode of viewing matters, which in its innermost consciousness really abrogated the State, became, when consolidated into the Church, not only the justification of the State, but was the first to make its existence, which restricted free individuality, so oppressively perceptible, that henceforth the impulse of mankind, guided to without, directed its endeavours to a deliverance both from Church and State at the same time, as if to the last realization of the nature of things, visible, conformably to its constitution, in human life itself.

In the first place, however, the reality of life and its phenomena was to be sought in exactly the same way as the reality of natural phenomena had been discovered by means of voyages of discovery and scientific investigations. The impulse of man, hitherto directed to without, now reverted to the reality of social life itself, and with the more zeal, because, after the most distant flights to the extremities of the world, he had never

been able to free himself from the constraint of these social conditions, but had, in every instance, been compelled to remain subjected to them. That from which man had involuntarily fled, but which he in truth could never escape, he was, at last, compelled to acknowledge as so deeply rooted in all our hearts and our involuntary mode of viewing the constitution of human affairs, that mere flight from it to without was impossible. Returning from the endless realms of *Nature*, where we had found our conceits of the constitution of things refuted, we sought, under the pressure of necessity, in a clear and plain contemplation of human circumstances, a similar refutation of an imaginary and erroneous view of these same circumstances, from which view of them we ourselves must have nourished and fashioned them, as we had, also, from our erroneous views, fashioned in our minds the phenomena of *Nature*. The first and most important step to knowledge consisted, therefore, in our grasping the phenomena of life according to their reality, and moreover, in the first instance, without any effort to judge them, but simply with the endeavour to represent to ourselves their actual composition and connection, as plainly and as truthfully as possible. As long as mariners pictured objects to be discovered in accordance with the ideas they had previously conceived of them, they were necessarily destined to be invariably undeceived when the truth was at last known; the investigator of the circumstances of our life bound himself down, therefore, to greater and greater freedom from prejudice, in order to reach with more certainty, the real foundation of their existence. The most undimmed mode of viewing the naked, undistorted truth, becomes henceforth the rule of the poet's conduct; to understand and represent men and the circumstances connected with them, as they are, and not as they have previously been supposed to be, is, in future, the task of the historian no less than of the poet, who desires to reproduce in a compressed picture the reality of life—and Shakspeare was the unsurpassed master in this art, which the proportions of his drama enabled him to discover.

As we have seen, however, this reality of life was not to be artistically represented in the real drama, but only in the pourtraying, descriptive romance, and that from causes on which this reality alone can throw a light.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

(From the Sunday Times.)

MR. BEST, lately organist of the Panopticon, has been appointed organist of St. George's Hall, and a better selection, we think, could scarcely have been made. We notice the fact, however, chiefly for the sake of an incident that occurred at the time of making the appointment. To the proposition that Mr. Best's salary be fixed at 300*l.* per annum, a member of the committee is reported to have objected, on the score of its unreasonably large amount! To the credit of the corporation, however, the proposition was carried by a considerable majority. The objecting gentleman, it seems, then, would not hesitate to boast that his town possessed the largest organ in the world, and had, moreover, paid upwards of seven thousand pounds for it—would take care to ransack England for the cleverest man to be found at liberty to play on it—would assign him such an amount of duty as must render every other source of professional income very precarious—and, finally, objects to paying for all this about half the sum he would give to the head man in his counting-house! Does this objecting gentleman think that an artist's talent is worth nothing? Or the only skill worth paying for, that of casting up columns of figures? Or did it never strike him that, at least, ten thousand men could be found competent to the most elaborate book-keeping, either by single or double entry, for one that would make even a respectable figure at the keys of the Liverpool organ?

ACCORDING to a report in the German papers, Mad. Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt has been attacked with some terrible disease in the face, without the slightest hopes of recovering from it. We sincerely hope that this report may be entirely void of foundation.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 25TH, 1855.

THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—A somewhat doubtful article appeared in last week's impression of the *Sunday Times*, *à propos* of the Old Philharmonic Society. It is not easy to guess, from the style adopted by the writer, whether he is an open enemy or a friend in disguise. I should suspect the one, were I not persuaded of the other—and *vice versa*. In short, I am puzzled. The opening of the article sounds by no means auspiciously. It betrays something like a feeling of exultation at the impending downfall of concerts which have given a kind of exclusive reputation to the music-room in Hanover Square—a conservative, nay, old-tory reputation.

"THE PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY."

"The members of this institution, it seems, have, at length, become aware that no time is to be lost in making strenuous efforts to avert its extinction. A number of causes combine to threaten this very undesirable event. It is powerfully opposed in its business of concert-giving by other societies, having younger blood and more liberal views to guide them; its affairs have, for a long time past, been undoubtedly very ill-managed; the public has lost faith in its assumed musical supremacy; and, worse than all, a succession of unprosperous seasons, each exhibiting a more adverse balance-sheet than the last, has dipped so deeply into its reserved fund, that three, or, at most, four more years, at a similar rate of expenditure, will suffice to close its existence by the very natural process of starvation."

That this is a gloomy picture can hardly be denied. Nevertheless, there is a "tone-color" of truth about it—as the German aestheticians might say. I am of opinion that the last days of the Philharmonic Society are approaching; and that what, now for many years, has been nothing more solid than a bubble, is about to burst and evaporate. *Tant mieux!* Why should things that have outlived their time be forced into unnatural longevity? What is the Philharmonic, at this day, but the ghost of a former want? Its mission was neither more nor less than to make familiar to the metropolis of Great Britain—or to that part of the metropolis most capable of receiving strong musical impressions—the orchestral masterpieces of great composers whom it would be superfluous to name. That mission has been performed—clumsily, it may be urged, but still performed. No more, then, remains for such an *exclusive* institution to accomplish—and the Philharmonic Society is either exclusive or nothing—unless it be the realisation by gradual steps, of an absolutely *perfect* execution of the works in question. Great orchestral symphonies are no longer written. They ceased to be written when Mendelssohn, the last of the great orchestral composers, died. Instead of this gradual approach to perfection, however, the Philharmonic Society of late years has exhibited a gradual recession from it, while other societies have successfully advanced. M. Jullien set the example; the New Philharmonic Society came next; and, more recently, Mr. Alfred Mellon, with his enlarged Orchestral Union, at St. Martin's Hall, where better performances of certain symphonies and overtures have been heard than at any concert of the Philharmonic, no matter under what conductor, with the single exception of Mendelssohn, who possessed the art of raising the band to the level of his own enthusiasm.

Under such circumstances, I am quite at a loss to under-

stand upon what grounds the Philharmonic Society—which for years, has been nothing better than the blind instrument of an interested and egotistical clique—should presume to consider itself of higher importance than the Society of British Musicians, or any other institution on its last legs, and with which neither the musical public, nor the general public of London, has any concern. The Philharmonic tried Mr. Costa, and could not keep him—unfurnished, possibly, with those arts of conciliation and submission ("blarney") which gifted men demand, and which, it seems, are natural to the Royal Italian Opera, the Sacred Harmonic Society, and the Birmingham Festival. Why did not the Philharmonic directors ask Mr. Costa for a symphony, just as the committee of the Birmingham Festival asked him for an oratorio? Had they petitioned for and gotten a symphonic *Eli*, they might have retained Mr. Costa, and—supposing the symphony to comprise an *alto* part which Mad. Viardot-Garcia could sing (like Chopin's Mazurkas), and Mad. Alboni and Madlle. Cruvelli (that sinful Fides, and that miserably abandoned Desdemona!)—not have been puffed in the *Athenæum*.

Why did not the Philharmonic Society—careless of "antecedents," as Mr. Mason and the Birmingham committee—ask Mr. Costa for a symphony? They would have been spared at least the exhibition of Herr Richard Wagner and his singular doctrines, so unintelligible when applied to music, however ingenious when applied to the dreamy Utopia of their author's brain. They might have been spared this, and contumely in the bargain. But, best of all, they might have been saved from the special committee, which already, in one meeting, has applied desperate antidotes and arrested disease by planting the seeds of annihilation. "Put it out of its misery!"—says the humane papa to the spoiled urchin that tortures an insect without killing it. This admonition is in the course of being literally obeyed by the special committee, which the unhappy Philharmonic has blindly accepted for consulting surgeon. Instead of lopping off Mr. Anderson and other sore members, the special committee has administered a dose of gentle but irremediable poison. Listen again to the *Sunday Times* :—

"At the last general meeting some new laws, framed to meet the impending danger, were carried, with triding opposition, and will come immediately into force. Rather late in the day, it has been discovered that, in the matter of price, the Philharmonic Concerts are by no means in keeping with modern notions. They are much too expensive for public convenience or liking, and the first reform commences here; though we fear it will prove of that unsubstantial description to which political, as well as musical, institutions are prone. *Henceforth, the subscription is to be three guineas a-year, instead of four; but then there are to be but six concerts in the season instead of eight, so that we really do not see by what process of arithmetic the subscribers can be said to be advantaged in the change. Single tickets for one concert are henceforth to be reduced in price from one guinea to half-a-guinea; and in this alteration there is the double mistake, that while the reduction is insufficient to meet the requirements of the day, it goes far enough to deprive the subscriber to the series of any advantage whatever from his immediate larger disbursement. The fact is, that, for years past, the Philharmonic Concerts have been too dear, and the yet unresolved problem has been, how to reconcile cheapness of individual admission with a remunerative amount of total receipt. A solution to this difficulty never will be found while these necessarily expensive concerts are given in the Hanover-square Rooms, which, at most, will not contain more than eight hundred people. One of the best steps, then, the Philharmonic Society can take to retrieve its pecuniary position, is at once to leave its present quarters, and fix its *locale* in some room capable of accommodating an audience of at least two thousand in number. From this, accompanied by a real reduction in the cost of subscription, the double advantage would accrue of increased receipts to the treasury and infinite improvement in the effect of the music performed. Among other changes, of less importance, one particularly radical innovation stands very prominent. The members of the*

orchestra are, henceforward, to be excluded from the direction. What precise advantage, in the present state of the society, is expected to arise from this novelty, we do not see; for, assuredly, in all the late lists of directors the preference for inefficiency would be very difficult to assign to those in the orchestra, or those out of it. We presume, however, there is *some* intention in this law, and trust it may work advantageously. There can be, however, no doubt about the propriety of another of the new rules—namely, that in future, no question of importance, such as the appointment of a conductor for the season, can be settled in the privacy of the directors' parlour. Every proposition of this kind must be submitted to the general body of the members. This, though it may lead to some tumultuous discussion, will certainly both check the spirit of jobbing, and prevent such an absurd expenditure as took place in the past season.

"Though much doubtful of the efficacy of such measures as these for the revivification of a body so circumstanced as the Philharmonic Society, we sincerely wish them every success."

Here is a death-blow—or rather, here are death-blows—and no mistake. The Philharmonic Society will rue the day that it ever took Mr. Sterndale Bennett into its bosom—that it ever asked "special" counsel of Mr. Benedict and Mr. Lindsay Sloper—and that it ever resuscitated Messrs. Ayrtton, etc., from their artistic coffins. "Here's a coil!" Juliet's with the Nurse was nothing to it. These special committee-men have given the Society a knock from which it cannot recover. To compete with the cheaper societies (as *The Sunday Times* maliciously advises), would be ruin. To leave the Hanover Square Rooms, for a more vast and accommodating locale (as *The Sunday Times* still more maliciously suggests) would be worse than ruin. Yet these steps are only a few in advance of what Mr. Sterndale Bennett and Co. (much more dangerous even than your hebdomadal contemporary—and more *quietly* malicious) have proposed and carried, as future *laws* of the Society!

The members of the orchestra can no longer be directors! Why? Is it because the men who know the most about music are the most unfit to legislate for a musical society? Pshaw! The aim of this absurd clause was to *oust* Mr. Anderson. And what is the result? Why, that Mr. Anderson retains office, and Messrs. Lucas and Blagrove—the former of whom has forgotten more of music than Mr. Anderson and two-thirds of the whole society ever knew—have resigned! Of course—they could not help it.

The other clause, making it illegal for the directors to appoint a conductor without appealing to a general meeting, is utter nonsense. A director directs—or he does nothing. What would be thought of a political government which should be unable to appoint officers in any department over which the legislation has control?

If out of all this one thing starts—which many suspect and some fear—if Mr. Sterndale Bennett is chosen conductor and accepts the post—I have only to add that Mr. Bennett will stand on the summit of a crumbling tower, with the fall of which he must fall, and under its ruins (like Berlioz, "under the ruins of his own machines") be irretrievably buried. Mr. Costa can *alone* save the Philharmonic Society—that is if, which I strongly doubt, it can be saved at all. But Mr. Costa is too wise to run the risk. Will Mr. Bennett be so foolish as to venture? I hope *not*.

AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

M. ERARD.—This celebrated manufacturer of pianofortes died on the 16th inst., at his residence near Paris. M. Erard had long been suffering from serious indisposition, which was only relieved at intervals and for short periods. His wife and family inherit a large private fortune and a very lucrative business.

CATHEDRAL MUSIC.

FIFTEEN ANTHEMS, composed by George B. Allen, Mus. Bac., Oxon J. A. Novello.

From what was said in our introductory article, it will, of course, be inferred that we have no sympathy with, or value for, any modern essay at the composition of cathedral music, which does not evince a recognition of the faults of that which is past, and an attempt, at least, to correct them by the importation, in every consistently applicable form, of those just principles of art, which the genius and experience of the last century in the world generally, and of the last fifty years in England specially, have practically enunciated. There can be no possible use in any *revivals*, no matter how cleverly or pretentiously effected, of a bygone period. If these be done in the shape of reproducing old ideas and modes of expression, they amount to so much mere copying, and are, therefore, manifestly worthless. If they take the more æsthetic shape of an endeavour to recall the feeling of a past age, they do but toil along with a mixture of the impossible and absurd in their front. The art-feeling of any age is as much an individuality of its date as is the costume or any other particular of its stage of material civilisation. It can never be recalled *in reality*; and our eyes and ears can every day, unfortunately, witness the miserable sham involved in the imitation of its external manifestations by the vagaries of mediæval architects and painters, and the unspeakable uglinesses of Gregorian musicians. Over and above these considerations—in themselves quite sufficiently important—there is, in a wilful adherence to the usages of the past, circumscribed as they must be by the then condition of knowledge, a positive treason against the essential nature of art, whose motto is ever "forward." To avoid all possibility of misconception, we had better at once state that our remarks have no root-and-branch application to the church music of the old masters. We simply decry a repetition of their faults;—their beauties we should rejoice to see emulated as often as our cathedral composers find convenient. Furthermore, in advocating the application of the modern resources of secular art to church music, we must be strictly understood to refer only to the technical excellencies these display, and in no degree to countenance the transition of a somewhat modernized style into a neglect of devotional feeling. We should regard with scarcely less distaste a cathedral service composed in the style of a mass by Mozart, than an anthem modelled on a *finale* to one of Rossini's operas; though, from both of these, *technical* instruction might be gathered of the highest importance to the church musician. Modern secular art has taught us the true nature of scales and the use of their harmonies: it has defined the limits within which various keys can be inoffensively associated; it has transferred melody from the region of arithmetic to that of imagination, and established the inextinguishable and self-existing necessity of rhythm and accent—both utterly denied by the Gregorianizers; it has shown that musical expression has power only over complete *ideas*, and is abused and made ridiculous by the attempt to direct it to the painting of isolated *words*; and, finally, it has practically demonstrated that a composition to be entirely satisfactory must have some pre-determined and tangible form, and that while this is, perhaps, only at once appreciable to the educated ear, its presence is, nevertheless, essential to full and lasting effect on the admiration of unlearned and learned alike. None of these teachings of secular art, then, are inadmissible in the composition of church-music. They interfere nowhere with its devotional expression, nor blot out any vindicable peculiarity of its style. They simply offer it the means of reformation on purely technical grounds—a reformation of which none save the wholly prejudiced will deny the value; and exactly because the older church-composers did not know, and, therefore, could not apply, these teachings, do we object to their works, and still more to any modern imitation of them.

Without further preface, we proceed to an examination of Mr. Allen's Book of Anthems.

[In consequence of the necessary length of our Festival report, this week, the remainder of this article must be deferred.—ED. M. W.]

AN OFFER NOT APPRECIATED.—Madame Viardot-Garcia has purchased the original score of *Don Juan*. According to the general report, the accomplished artist offered this valuable relic of the immortal *maestro* to the authorities of the British Museum, who—refused to become the possessors of it.

BERLIN.—The operatic season at the Royal Opera-house was to commence last week. The operas already announced are *Csár* and *Zimmermann*; *La Muette de Portici*; and *Antigone*, with Mendelssohn's music. Mdle. Fuhr will sustain the part of Antigone.

JULLIEN'S PROVINCIAL TOUR.

M. JULLIEN still continues his career of success in the provinces. The following account of a concert given by him at the Leeds Royal Gardens, is abridged from the *Leeds Intelligencer*:—

"M. JULLIEN AT THE LEEDS ROYAL GARDENS.—The appearance of M. Jullien and his celebrated band, at the Royal Gardens, Headingley, on Tuesday evening last, accompanied by the band of the 2nd Life Guards, excited considerable attention, and drew together one of the most numerous and respectable assemblies from all parts of the West Riding which we have noticed for many years. The novelty of an *al fresco* concert, the celebrity of M. Jullien, the high musical character of his band, and the many and beautiful attractions of the grounds chosen for the occasion, combined with delightful weather, contributed to the production of one of the most agreeable entertainments, and resulted in the enjoyment by some ten thousand people of an evening of almost unalloyed pleasure. The appearance of the grounds, at all times peculiarly beautiful, was exceedingly animating and attractive, on emerging from the north entrance. The splendid lawn rising from the foot of the slope near the entrance to the terraced walk running along the north-eastern boundary, was thronged by a brilliant company, including the *élite* and beauty of the neighbourhood, whilst beyond were observable, resting amid the exuberant foliage, the sheets of water down the centre of the garden, with their miniature fountains playing in the setting sunlight, and covered with aquatic birds; the smaller lawns, the parterres of flowers and the walks intermingling with each other in the most pleasing manner, and forming the promenade or rendezvous of numerous groups. A more agreeable and animated *coup-d'œil* the eye seldom rests upon, and the scene which it presented will not willingly be forgotten by those who witnessed it. The orchestra was erected at the lower side of the large lawn, on the right hand, and at half-past five M. Jullien, with that grace and effect which appears to be a part of his nature, made his appearance in front of his band, amidst the greeting of the assembly, and, raising his *bâton*, led the performance, in the most brilliant manner, of Lindpaintner's fine 'Festival Overture,' which was repeated with equal effect towards the close of the evening. The band contained about 35 performers, including König, Wuille, Nabich, Reichart, Duhem, Hughes, and Grattan Cooke, bandmaster of the 2nd Life Guards, and the instruments were almost exclusively wind and percussion, with two double basses and two violoncellos. The programme presented many of the most successful compositions of M. Jullien, Beethoven's 'Choral Symphony,' selections from Verdi's *Il Trovatore*, Mendelssohn's admired 'Wedding March,' G. Cooke's 'Russian Carriage Song,' with works of lesser pretension. The performance afforded general satisfaction. An interval of about an hour occurred between the first and second part, and, on the company reassembling, the sky had become somewhat threatening, but fortunately the night continued fine, and at dusk the gardens were illuminated with ornamental lamps and devices. The second part opened with the selection from *Il Trovatore*, which was admirably performed, but the principal novelty was Jullien's 'Zouave Pas de Course, or Assault Galop.' It is replete with the effects for which Jullien's works are peculiar. It was succeeded by Lindpaintner's 'Festival Overture,' which was beautifully played, and elicited general expressions of commendation. The concert closed a little after nine o'clock with 'The Allied Armies' Quadrille,' introducing the national airs of France and England, and M. Jullien retired amidst the hearty plaudits of the numerous assembly. In the success which attended this concert, Mr. Clapham, the lessee of the gardens, received the support which such an engagement deserved, and he will, we are sure, have no occasion to regret having afforded the inhabitants of Leeds and the neighbourhood so agreeable an entertainment."

The following extract from a notice in the *Yorkshire and Lincolnshire Advertiser* will prove that M. Jullien achieved a no less decisive triumph at Hull:—

"M. JULLIEN'S CONCERT.—This concert, which was certain to draw a large audience, particularly with the additional attraction of a Military Band of so much celebrity, took place last Wednesday evening in the Zoological Gardens. By three o'clock a considerable number of persons had congregated, and at six, the time for the commencement of the performances, the gardens were tolerably, but not inconveniently full. Punctual to the appointed time, M. Jullien raised his *bâton*, the signal for the commencement of his beautiful discourses. The "Festival," an overture by Lindpaintner, being the first of the series, was very well executed and very well received.

"Very great attention was paid to the first three selected pieces, and if the multitude were at all at a loss, it was for a means of testifying their

gratification at the rich treat they were enjoying; stamping on the ground is the usual method of giving vent to their feeling, but here they were on the green sward, which would not respond to their emotions, and the "Festival," a Quadrille, and a Symphony by Beethoven, were listened to in silence and with respect. The fourth selection in the programme was the 'Troika,' or Russian carriage song, by Grattan Cooke, to whom, as the composer, M. Jullien politely ceded his *bâton*, thereby correctly estimating the very natural wishes of an author to conduct the performance of his own composition, whilst, at the same time, the cession evinced a delicate and respectful appreciation of the right involved. This production was well received. In this piece, the object of the momentary retirement of Herr König was not known, and by many not perceived, so that when he, from a distant part of the garden, on the cornet-à-piston, gave the echoes, a vast majority of the audience were struck with amazement. They were perfectly at a loss to account for the pleasing delusion. Again, when in this peculiar music, the chorus of human voices first and suddenly broke on the ears of the vast assemblage, the effect was charming and delightful; it was moreover a great novelty, and the simultaneous introduction of vocal music was unquestionably regarded as an agreeable and acceptable intervention, for at the conclusion of the song an *encore* was promptly demanded, and as kindly permitted by M. Jullien. Grattan Cooke, whose modest and gentlemanly demeanour made a very favourable impression, delayed not compliance with the will of the people and 'Troika' was repeated with still better effect, for on this occasion Herr König must have altered his position, the echo being heard much better. In succession Herr Wuille, M. Colinet, Herr Nabich, Mr. Hughes, Herr Reichart, performed soli on their several instruments, the clarinet, the flageolet, the trombone, the ophicleide, and the flute, the latter gentleman giving pleasing illustrations of the 'Alpine Maid' and 'God save the Queen.' Of Herr Wuille's performance we need say but little, but that little is much—it was brilliant and faultless. The concert terminated about half-past eight with 'Partant pour la Syrie' and our National Anthem. We should suppose that Mr. Bowser, for whose especial advantage this concert was held, must have made 'a very good thing.'"

PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—(From our own Correspondent.)—I sent you word last week that the Covent Garden company were first heard, after finishing their season in London, at the Concert Hall here on Monday, the 13th inst., yet through the omission of the word *first*, it reads as though the impossible feat had been performed of their appearing in London and Manchester on the same (Saturday) evening! *The Guardian's* remarks on the concert appear, too, as my own, although it is well known I am not a member of the Concert Hall. I send you a notice of *Raymond and Agnes* from *The Manchester Weekly Advertiser*, for, as new operas by native composers are by no means every day occurrences in London, and much rarer still in the provinces, I think you are justified in giving the "opinions of the local press" thereon:—

"THEATRE ROYAL.—ENGLISH OPERA.—On Tuesday evening, Mr. Loder's opera, *Raymond and Agnes*, was produced for the first time. The *libretto* is founded upon the legend of the 'Bleeding Nun,' it is not very clear in its detail, though several scenes contain very effective situations. The music is of a high class, and likely to sustain Mr. Loder's reputation, already good from the success of his *Night-dancers*. The instrumentation throughout is expressive and musician-like, and some of the melodies are likely to become popular; the choruses are very dramatic, and most of the concerted pieces very effective. The quintet in the third act pleases our fancy as well as anything in the opera. The quartet in the last act, although very light and pleasing in itself and successful with the audience, appears to us scarcely to meet the exigencies of the scene, as far as style is concerned; and the overture, on the first hearing, seemed somewhat incoherent. This said, nothing remains but subject for praise, and we must compliment Mr. Loder on the great success of his work, one which we hope will take a high position among English operas. The singing and performance of the principals, Misses Lowe and Johnson, Messrs. Drayton, Perrin, and Guilmette, were highly creditable to them, especially for a "first night." Miss Johnson made her *début* in Manchester on this occasion, and appeared to give general satisfaction. Miss Jefferies, as the supposed dumb girl (otherwise the long-lost mother of Raymond), was very impressive in her pantomime, and contributed much to the effect of the last act; Mr. Guilmette, also, with his well-trained voice and expressive singing, aided considerably. The chorus must have their share of

praise, being, especially for a first performance, exceedingly steady. There were several encores, the principal vocalists were three times called, and, lastly, there was a general demand for Mr. Loder, who was very warmly greeted on his appearance before the curtain."

Meanwhile, in my own opinion, Loder's new opera is not as happy an inspiration as his *Night Dancers*. He has not been so fortunate in his *libretto*. Old stories have been revived with success—even the fairy tale of "Cinderella" (witness Rossini's *Cenerentola*), but we doubt the policy of going back to the "raw head and bloody bones" romances of Mrs. Radcliffe or Monk Lewis. This story, or version of the *Bleeding Nun*, as set to music by Loder, has the disadvantage of being almost needlessly mysterious and unaccountable, which will, we fear, be always a drawback in its representation. The houses during its five nights' performance were but indifferent—pit alone excepted—which was full every night. The music is far better than the story, and was very well received. The overture—some portion of which is well written—leads the hearer to expect something greater, but, taken altogether, disappoints him. Some of the songs are very fine, and will live whether the opera holds its place on the stage or not. A pretty and appropriate song for Kunegonda, "Ah! well do I remember," is very pleasing. Some of the tenor songs for Raymond are very good, but, perhaps, the finest song in the opera is given to the robber Antoni (Mr. Guilmette), "Rage, thou angry tempest," though the words and style, unluckily, recall Benedict's "Rage, thou angry storm," which Staudigl made so popular. There are some very striking and dramatic scenes in the opera, in spite of its gloomy and incoherent plot, which Loder has used to great advantage. There is a trio, a quintet—and one or two finales—especially the taking and dashing finale to the first act, which is nightly encored. The other nightly encore—the quartet with its *tra-ler-la refrain*—we do not think so much of; it is pleasing, certainly, but is very light and out of place. Altogether we do not think Mr. Loder's new opera has achieved the decided success that his friends could wish him. It was fairly put on the stage, with a pretty competent chorus and fair orchestra, but there was nothing great in the performance and no enthusiasm in the audience.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY.—*Don Giovanni*.—Monday, August 20th.—The Italian company appeared for a short period of six nights, first, on Monday night last, at our Theatre Royal, with great *clat* and success. Mozart's inimitable masterpiece was never, perhaps, heard to such advantage in Manchester before—the seven artists being all of such talent as to make the performance more equal throughout, and more perfect. Bosio, Marai, Viardot-Garcia, Tamberlik, Graziani, Tagliafico, filled the parts of Zerlina, Donna Elvira, Donna Anna, Ottavio, Giovanni, and Leporello respectively, whilst Polonini did double duty as Commendatore and Masetto; the chorus and dancers in the ball scene were good, under the able management of Mr. A. Harris, whilst the orchestra was efficient under the *bâton* of Mr. Mellon. There was a good house, but not so crowded as we could have wished. It was a most admirable performance on all hands. The only thing we could have at all desired or wished for was that the representatives of the Statue and Leporello had possessed bass voices more of the basso profundo stamp. This we felt in the "O Statua gentilissima" scene, and in the finale or supper scene. All else was perfect. Tagliafico acted and sang the part of Leporello capitally. He was encored in the "Madamina," but merely returned to make his bow. The most rapturous encores were awarded to the "La ci darem," the "Vedrai carino," and the "Deh vieni." The singers were recalled after the trio, "Proteggia il giusto ciel," and after each act. Bosio and Graziani, both were new to Manchester, and at once became established favourites—Bosio by her graceful acting, her beautiful sympathetic pearly voice, and her finished and artistic singing, and Graziani by his wonderfully sweet and powerful baritone—his Don lacked something of the noble in the well-known Spanish libertine—but his singing was very fine throughout, especially in the encoired serenade. Marai was an excellent Elvira, and Garcia was truly the great artist in Donna Anna. Tamberlik forced his voice too much in the "Il mio tesoro"—we

much prefer Reichardt's reading of this great tenor song—in all else he was everything that could be desired. The house was much thinner on Tuesday, the *Puritani* not proving so attractive; yet Bellini's opera was never better given in Manchester—Bosio's Elvira and Graziani's Ricardo being the *gems* of the night—the latter, with Tagliafico, won a most enthusiastic encore for the "Suoni la tromba," which they gave most energetically. Gardoni disappointed us in the "A te, o cara," but came out most successfully in the last act. I must try to report the four remaining performances in time for next week's *World*, as it will be a long time most likely before Manchester has such another Italian Opera Company.

LIVERPOOL.—The following is the composition of Mad. Nau's operatic *troupe*, which, as we have announced, will commence their provincial tour on the 29th inst., in this town:—Mad. Nau (prima donna), Mr. St. Albyn (first tenor), Mr. H. J. Whitworth (principal bass), Miss Kate Warrington (seconda donna), Mr. Oliver Summers (second bass), Mr. B. Bowler (second tenor), Mr. George Honey (the popular comedian, late of the Adelphi), Mr. James Martin (of Drury Lane, stage manager), Herr Meyer Lutz (conductor); a chorus, and F. E. Burgess, the business agent. The tour will comprise the cities of Liverpool, Plymouth, Bath, Exeter, Southampton, Leeds, Newcastle, and Edinburgh.

PETERBOROUGH.—On Monday last, the Cathedral presented an appearance such as is not often shown. There was a great gathering of temperance societies in this city, and the Dean and Chapter, at the request of the managers, had postponed the morning service from ten to eleven, in order that visitors by the special trains might have the opportunity of attending the cathedral, if so disposed. The result was that every seat in the choir was filled, and every corner crowded, and extra forms so blocked up the floor that a passage could scarcely be gained for the Dean and Cannon Pratt when they went to the lectern to read the lessons. There must have been at least eight hundred people in the choir and galleries, and an equal number in the nave and aisles. Though many of them had never heard cathedral service before, some probably never been within a church, as the use of the prayer-book seemed to puzzle them, yet the conduct of the congregation, on the whole, was most becoming and decorous. The music was appointed by the Dean appropriate for the occasion, and on the suggestion and selection of the managers of the meeting themselves. They showed much judgment in their choice, and, although the anthems were very long, the excellent performance of the choir, in full strength, rivetted the attention of all present, and in "Comfort ye my people," and the Hallelujah Chorus, must have raised the hearts of the dullest and the coldest. In the Old Hundredth, which was sung, the great body of the people joined; many had brought their prayer-books, some their music. The attention of the vergers and other officials, in offering places and books, was very noticeable, as being so contrary to the received notion of such persons, and as showing how soon the spirit of obligingness and wish to accommodate may be made to pervade a whole body when once heartily adopted in head-quarters. The same may be said of the choir, who evidently were animated with the desire of giving the best effect to the part assigned them. In the afternoon the cathedral was almost equally crowded; the people joining in the Evening Hymn, the only inconvenience arising from want of sufficient room; had benches been placed in the nave, a far greater number might have been accommodated, and a greater stillness have prevailed. Though thousands after service walked round the aisles of the cathedral, and viewed all its objects of interest, not the slightest irregularity occurred, nor did there appear any marks of that scribbling propensity which so often defaces the walls of our most narrowly watched public buildings. The Church and country at large owe great thanks to the Dean and Chapter of Peterborough for being the first to throw open their cathedral, without fee, to all comers; but in continuing to develop this principle as they did last Monday, and offering every facility for the attendance of a large body of the middle and lower classes collected in the city for a great and moral object, they have done more to popularise the cathedral and endear them to the mass of the people, than the recommendations of a dozen Cathedral Commissions. The kindness of the Chapter was not bounded by thus adapting their cathedral to the wants of the day; they placed at the disposal of the managers of the festival an adjoining field, where the booths for refreshment were erected, orations made, and games carried on till the shades of evening broke up the happy and well-conducted party. Those who were present will best be able in time to come to answer the question, "What is the use of our cathedrals?" One use, at least, may be to sanctify a people's holiday."—(Hereford Journal.)

DUBLIN.—(From a Correspondent).—The performances of the Italian operatic company at the Theatre Royal, up to the present moment have proved eminently successful. What else, indeed, could be expected from a *troupe* including such dramatic singers as Grisi and Mario. But not to them alone was owing the success. Mad. Gassier, who had never been heard before in Dublin, created an immense sensation in *La Sonnambula* last night, the more so, indeed, since nothing extraordinary had been expected from her. The theatre was crowded in every part, Mario's Elvino, no doubt, being the principal attraction. But great a favourite as is "the incomparable tenor," and perfect as is his impersonation of Amina's lover, Madame Gassier fairly divided with Mario the honours of the evening. She sang delightfully, with a charm of voice, a facility, and a truth of intonation that enchanted the audience. In the *rondo finale* she created a *furor*. Mad. Gassier's high notes surpass almost any I have heard for sureness and brilliancy. She sang up to F in *alt* with such ease, that none but musicians could have an idea she was taking so high a flight. As an actress Mad. Gassier is graceful and natural, and in this somewhat resembles Jenny Lind. It is unnecessary to describe the excitement of the audience, or to mention the enthusiastic recalls and bouquets awarded to Mario and herself at the end of the opera. Enough: Mad. Gassier's success was decided, and all our local critics are loud in her praise. It is strange Mario should so seldom appear in Elvino, which is one of his most finished and masterly assumptions. It is, perhaps, because good representatives of Amina are so scarce. I have never heard more delicious singing in the duet with Amina in the first scene, and in the famous "Tutto è sciolto." Mario's acting and singing, however, in the first *finale* transcend my powers of description. Of course he was encoined in the great air, and recalled, and of course came on with Mad. Gassier at the conclusion. M. Gassier is a capital barytone, and sang the Count's music with admirable taste, and Madlle. Sedlatzek, as Lisa, was entitled to praise. To-night *Lucresia Borgia*, with Grisi and Mario. Every seat in the house is taken. I shall send you an account of the performance.

THORNER.—A grand morning and evening concert was given in the National School Room, Thorne, on Wednesday last, under the immediate patronage of the Rev. R. Newlove, the vicar. The principal vocalists were Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Freeman, Mr. James Settle, and Mr. Ellis. Mr. Burton, of Leeds, presided at the piano and harmonium. Both the concerts were exceedingly successful. In the evening the room was crowded. The services of Master Giles and Mr. Hargreaves (from the Leeds parish church) as well as the rest of the performers, were well received.

WAKEFIELD.—On Friday evening the 17th inst., a concert was given by the Glee and Madrigal Union, comprising Mrs. Enderssohn, Mrs. Lockey, Mr. Lockey, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. H. Phillips, in the Music Saloon. The audience was numerous and fashionable.

THE QUEEN AT THE FRENCH EXHIBITION.—On the occasion of Her Majesty's visit to the Grand Exhibition, 200 members, male and female, of the Ecole Chorale Galin-Paris-Chevé executed a "Bouquet Musical" in her honour. This "Bouquet" was composed of a motive from Gluck's *Iphigenia in Aulis* and another from Boïeldieu's *Calife de Bagdad*, terminated by the English National Anthem, "God save the Queen," for which French words had been expressly written. The following are two of the stanzas:—

Victoria, salut à ta présence!
Ton nom, noble espérance,
Dit à la France qu'elle vainera.
Honneur à toi, Victoria!

Que de grâces! que de majesté!
Français, chantons le pouvoir, la beauté;
Ne formons plus qu'une patrie;
Anglais! l'honneur nous y convie.

WESSPRIM (Hungary).—A *Liedertafel* has been lately formed, consisting of the clergymen and schoolmasters of the town and its neighbourhood. It gave its first concert, which was excellently attended, for the benefit of the sufferers from the inundation of the Theiss.

GIACOMO MEYERBEER.

(Concluded from page 529.)

THE next composition of Meyerbeer was the music to *Struensee*, a tragedy written by his brother, Michel Beer. It was produced at Berlin, on the 19th of September, 1846, and consisted of an overture, some characteristic *morceaux*, entitled *La Révolte*, *Le Bal*, *Le Cabaret de Village*, and *Le Réve*, a march with chorus, a funeral march, and a *fanfare*, and incidental music to four of the most important scenes. Following the same individuality of style previously exhibited in *Robert le Diable*, where a peculiar solo on the trombone constantly indicates the approach of Bertram, each personage in *Struensee* is announced by a special phrase, which prepares the spectator for his advent on the stage. The music to *Struensee* could not fail to find admirers in so musical and critical a city as Berlin. The march, the chorus—in which the composer has treated with such ingenuity and in such large proportions, an ancient Danish melody—the *ballet*, and, above all, the dream of *Struensee*, were considered among the most remarkable productions of Meyerbeer.

The revolution of the 24th of February arrived, and although the *personnel* of the Grand-Opéra had not undergone any serious modifications, considerations of another kind, no doubt, prevailed with Meyerbeer to confide the score of the *Prophète* to the direction of that establishment.

During the several months which elapsed between the earliest rehearsal and the first representation of this too-long awaited opera, the Parisian world, in the midst of the gravest preoccupation, made the *Prophète* the object of their serious consideration. It was known that Mad. Pauline Viardot Garcia, the sister of Malibran, had accepted one of the principal characters, in which she would make her first appearance on the French stage. On the other hand, it was ascertained that M. Duprez, for whom the principal part was intended, had been superseded by M. Roger, from the Opéra-Comique. It was also given out that Mad. Castellan, an Italian singer of high reputation, would make her *début* in a prominent part. Rumour after rumour only served to stimulate general curiosity; and a month before the opera was publicly announced, every seat in the theatre had been let for the first twenty representations.

The evening "big with expectation" came at last—Monday, April 16th, 1849—and two thousand persons assembled to judge the new work of Meyerbeer, not a single note of which had been heard except at rehearsals. The success of *Le Prophète* was in no respect inferior to that of *Robert le Diable* and the *Huguenots*. Like those, it was at once accepted as a master-piece by the musical *dilettanti* of Paris, was performed uninterruptedly to the end of the season, and, in an incredibly short space of time, made the tour of the civilised world.

The original caste at the Académie-Royale was as follows:—Jean of Leyden, M. Roger; Zachariah, M. Levasseur; Mathisen, M. Gueymard; Jonas, M. Bremond; Fides, Mad. Viardot Garcia; and Bertha, Mad. Castellan.

The sensation created by the *Prophète* in Paris, extended to England. After the fourth representation, Mr. Harris, *régisseur* of the Royal Italian Opera, was sent to Paris by Mr. Frederick Beale, then director of that establishment, to inspect the *mise-en-scène*, preparatory to the production of the opera at Covent Garden. Mario went shortly afterwards to witness the performance, and see what might be effected in Roger's part. The translation was made under the composer's direction; and, in short, the great interest of the season 1849 was centred in Meyerbeer's new grand opera.

The first representation of the *Prophète* at the Royal Italian Opera took place on Tuesday, July the 24th, and attracted an immense audience. The principal parts were thus distributed:—Fides, Madame Viardot Garcia, (her original character in Paris); Bertha, Miss Catharine Hayes; Jean of Leyden, Signor Mario; Count d'Oberthal, Signor Tagliafico; and the three Anabaptists, Signors Luigi Mei, Polonini, and Marini. The choir in the third act was supported by Mesdemoiselles Amalia Corbari and de Meric. Everything was done that could possibly be done by the management to render the opera attractive. The *mise-en-scène* was magnificent; the dresses were new and costly; and the decorations, appointments, and processions gorgeous and appropriate. The Coronation Procession in the third act was imposing beyond description, and the Skating Scene a marvel of stage effect. The success of the opera was almost unprecedented, and, with a few exceptions, nothing else was performed up to the end of the season. Since then the *Prophète* has gained in public estimation; and, no matter whether Madame Viardot-Garcia, Madame Grisi, or Madame Tedesco appears as Fides; or whether Signor Mario, or Signor Tambrilic sustains the character of Jean of Leyden, the opera draws invariably, and has been one of the most popular and attractive works in the *répertoire*.

From 1849 to 1854, Meyerbeer produced no new operatic work. Meanwhile report was once more busy about the *Africaine*. The composer, it was said, having failed in persuading the management to engage for the principal character Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli—of whose talents and genius he entertained the very highest opinion, and to whom alone he would consent to entrust it—had double-locked the portfolio wherein lay concealed the score of his unheard opera, and vowed, with a mental reservation, to bury it in oblivion. At all events—and this is significant—now that Mdlle. Sophie Cruvelli is about to quit the stage and retire into private life, Meyerbeer speaks no more of his *Africaine*.

About the middle of the season 1853—four years after the *Prophète*—it was announced that Meyerbeer was about to bring out a new work at the Opéra-Comique. This was at first not easily credited. Meyerbeer at the Opéra-Comique was a puzzle to those who knew the composer only by his three grand operas. Could he transform his style to suit a light and popular subject? Could he forego grand incidents, passionate situations, and overpowering effects? Could he throw off the buskin and wear slippers? Could he descend from his pedestal and walk modestly among mere unobtrusive human beings? Could he dissipate his frowns and look smilingly; wipe away tears and yield to laughter? Could he be imponderous and ethereal, vivacious and unaffected, quaint and *spirituel*? In short, could he be comic? Such were the speculations of those who had heard no other works of Meyerbeer than the *Huguenots*, *Robert le Diable*, and the *Prophète*, and to whom his Italian operas were entirely strange; who were unacquainted with the fact, that for many years of his early career in Italy he had taken Rossini as his model; and that several of his compositions for the Italian stage indicated a decided "buffo" vein. Moreover, it never occurred to sceptics, that a work produced at the Opéra-Comique need not of necessity be an absolutely comic opera, but might contain all the elements of a grand opera, except the recitatives.

Rumour, however, was for once no liar. Meyerbeer had sent the score of a three-act opera to the Opéra-Comique, and the director had eagerly accepted it. This was *L'Etoile du Nord*.

For eight long months the public were kept in a state of feverish excitement and suspense by the non-announcement of an opera which they were aware was rehearsed daily. At length, on the 14th of February, 1854, the bills of the Opéra-Comique proclaimed that the first representation of *L'Etoile du Nord* would take place, not the next day, but the following day. As soon as it was made known, the most distinguished critics of Germany, England, and Belgium, took places by the railway to Paris. The difficulty of procuring seats was very great, and tickets, purchased a day or two before the performance, were sold at high premiums. One gentleman paid as much as 115 francs for a stall the day previous to the first representation.

That Meyerbeer has advanced his reputation by the *Etoile du Nord*, few will deny. Upon a closer examination of all his works, there is no other, in our opinion, which carries so unmistakably the stamp of originality, which is so equal in all its parts, and which betrays so surely the marks of a thinker, and a purely musical genius. But this is not the place for an eulogium on the *Etoile du Nord*. Its praises have been lately sung by numberless competent judges, who, without exception, pronounced it a *chef d'œuvre*. The verdict will remain. It is now said that another work from the pen of the celebrated composer will shortly be sent to the Opéra-Comique. May its fame be as great as that of its immediate predecessor.

Meyerbeer is Member of the French Institute; Member of the Committee of Instruction at the Conservatoire of Paris; Hon. Member of the Grétry Society at Liège; Knight of the French Legion of Honour; Director General of Music to his Majesty the King of Prussia; Member of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts at Berlin; Knight of the Order of Merit in Prussia; Knight of the Order of Leopold of Belgium, of the Order of Ernest of Saxe, and Henry-the-Lion of Brunswick; Knight of the Imperial Brazilian Order of the South Star; late Chapel Master to the King of Prussia; and member of several institutions in England, Italy, Sweden, Denmark, and Germany. The private character of Giacomo Meyerbeer was thus described, in 1843, by one who was thoroughly acquainted with him, and who had known him for many years:—

"Although Meyerbeer is richly endowed with the good things of this world, his whole life is devoted to his art. It is to him his business, his recreation. Of his unwearied activity, the number of works he has produced affords ample proof; and the great improvements manifested in his last operas especially,* gives the clearest evidence of his unceas-

ing endeavours to attain perfection. For this he is to be admired as an artist. He is, however, more to be prized as a man. The natural benevolence and mildness of his character; his agreeable and amiable behaviour to everybody; his modest and reasonable estimation of his own power, which knows no pride of wealth, no professional eminence, no jealousy of others; and which neither his celebrity, spread over the whole of Europe, nor the honours which have been bestowed upon him by the great ones of the earth, have been able to overthrow; his disinterestedness of mind, his scrupulous honesty; have long procured for him the esteem and affection of all who know him. And the personal virtues of this artist—as amiable as he is distinguished—must charm even those who envy him his fortune and his fame. In short, he is fully deserving of the estimation in which he is held as an eminent composer, and of the esteem which, as a man, is so universally felt for him."

To the above panegyric, we have nothing to add, except it be: that, the praises lavished on the composer and the man in 1848, are still more justly his due in 1855.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

MUSICAL DEGREES.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Not seeing the amusing letter of Messrs. "Fife and Drum" on the above subject, in the last number but one of the *Musical World*, until too late for us to hope to have any "comments" of ours, "mirthful" or otherwise, inserted in the following week's paper, you will, perhaps, allow us a place in next Saturday's publication, in which we may offer a remark or two.

Without considering the very self-conceited manner in which the whole of the letter is written, or the cowardly attempt to calumniate those who, by years of study and hard application, have earned academic proofs (at Oxford) of their efficiency in the art, we will merely notice the latter portion of Messrs. "Fife and Drum's" noisy and hollow epistle, which, as we do not come under its ill-natured insinuations (not having graduated at Oxford), also affords us immense amusement.

Messrs. "Fife and Drum" say, "We abstain from naming individuals, living or deceased, but we have the happiness of knowing that there are, and have been men, whose merits were so tested at Cambridge, before they received their honourable diplomas, as to leave little doubt on the minds of real musicians that Genius and Art might safely publish there their marriage banns, and there receive connubial benediction, no man forbidding; whilst many a licensed aspirant, with only his purse to recommend him, would be sent empty away—a fact too honourable to Cambridge to be forgotten or blown to the winds by the first or the fiftieth puff put forth on behalf of Oxford regenerators."

Here, at all events, is a modest puff direct for Cambridge, and so very evidently blown forth, that it cannot be expected to meet with any other fate than (to use Messrs. "Fife and Drum's" own words) "to be forgotten or blown to the winds."

Surely the latter-named writers are not of opinion that Cambridge alone can furnish talented musical graduates. We likewise "abstain from naming individuals, living or deceased," but we also "have the happiness of knowing that there are, and have been, men whose merits were so tested," at Oxford, "as to leave little doubt on the minds of real musicians that Genius and Art might safely publish there their marriage banns, &c." Nay, we go further, and are prepared to prove more is required by Oxford than Cambridge; more, even, in the old régime, and certainly an increase in the requirements of the new professor ought to be considered as tending to enhance the value of the degree rather than subject it to the "inflated ideas" and attempted slights of such individuals as Messrs. "Fife and Drum." Further on, these wise saws say, "But we have hinted at the dearness of a degree at the place for effectually testing the merits of the candidates;—and what do we mean? Simply this, that a man of genius may take his exercise to Oxford, quail under the sublime ordeal, and sneak away again, with only the world to appreciate what Oxford may chance to scorn, if the said genius be not rich enough in technical lore and fishy coolness to work out 'in his presence' (the professor's), and in the requisite number of parts, a fugue on a subject then to be administered." In reply to this parade of sublime reasoning, we would simply ask such a man of genius as referred to above, what business he would have to take an exercise to Oxford "if the said genius be not rich enough in technical lore;" for, most assuredly, if he were deficient in such a requisite, he would have to take Messrs. "Fife and Drum's" advice, viz., "sneak away again," and get the world (if he could) to appreciate what Oxford would most justly scorn. The new requisite at Oxford: for a candidate to write a fugue in the presence of the professor, and from a

* When this eulogium was written, neither the *Prophète*, nor the *Etoile du Nord*, had appeared.—ED. M.W.

subject given at the time, is, we think, a wise and judicious step on the part of the new professor: since it will most effectually test the merits of each candidate, and set at rest any and all suspicions of undeservedness.

Far from "holding on our note" for any one who occupies a position, or enjoys an honour to which he is not entitled, we should delight in assisting to unmask such an individual; but where no proof of a false position is substantiated, and where the honour of many is so cruelly jeopardised by an anonymous correspondent, we cannot refrain from calling your attention to such wrongs.—We are, Sir, yours respectfully,

Aug. 22, 1855.

LABOR ET HONOR.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—Your correspondent, "Justitia," on musical degrees, deserves the thanks of all musicians, and most particularly of musical graduates, for the clear light in which he has set before the public the requirements of each of our Universities for the degree of bachelor in music, in publishing two letters on the subject—one written by the late professor of music, Oxford; the other, by the present professor at Cambridge. On comparing the two, it will be evident that more is required for the degree at Oxford than at Cambridge—for Oxford requires the whole of the exercise to be written in five *real* (vocal) parts, while Cambridge will evidently accept an exercise if only one of the choruses be written in five parts.

The new desideratum at Oxford, *i. e.*, the candidate for the degree being required to write a fugue in a given number of parts, in the presence of the professor, seems to have struck terror into the heart of a late correspondent; but why need a man fear if he feels he can perform that which he wishes the world to understand he is capable of, and which must now be verified before obtaining the recognition of his abilities by the university! If he feels he is *not* capable of performing all the requirements, then it would be folly in him to attempt to gain a position which we feel assured would be denied him. Surely, such a requisite as before alluded to ought to be considered a move in the right direction, and commended instead of being reflected upon as a misconception and an unfavourable sign for the musical art.

"Justitia" truthfully remarks: "If the successor of the late Oxford professor is desirous of 'raising the standard' of musical degrees at his university *still higher* than formerly, so much the better, and the more honourable for the candidates who get through their examinations successfully."

The examinations of candidates for degrees in arts have become much more strict of late years; and would not every true lover of the "divine art" rejoice at any steps which might tend towards the advancement of its position and interests?

Respectfully soliciting your attention, I remain yours obediently,
August 21st, 1855.

AMPHIOS.

A CHALLENGE ACCEPTED.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

20th August, 1855.

SIR,—If you do not object to be made second to a challenge, we will forward two choruses for your perusal, in order that "Mus. Bac. Oxon's" excessive annoyance may have something whereon to repose; although we cannot see why either he or "Justitia" should be so upset by the remarks on musical degrees which have recently appeared in your independent journal. Had such sensitiveness emanated from a "Lambeth Doctor," we should have been less surprised. We have seen nothing in the whole range of remarks, from time to time made in your paper, to show that any one of the writers desired "to throw a wanton aspersion on those who have worked for and obtained in an honourable manner musical degrees at either of our Universities." As to our own comments last week, which you did us the favour to insert, the entire drift thereof was to neutralize the unfair effect likely to result from the injudicious praises of writers so warm in favour of Oxford, as to do Cambridge the injustice of which we complained. We, as readily as any one else, can congratulate Oxford that its musical degrees will henceforth rise in value, owing to the zeal and ability of its present Professor; but we do not, for a moment, suppose that that gentleman will approve of any unfair comparisons, to the disparagement of the sister University.

"Justitia" must pardon our railery at the *Fugue exercise*. We did not think it would be taken so seriously; and although we have no very great objection to the test, if not too dogmatically applied, we are still of opinion that there is equal room for display of merit in the performance on the organ at Cambridge of the composition to which the probationer

has given existence. To produce and perform a composition in a *soul-like* manner, we conceive is all that can be desired, and we are sure that many persons would find this less within their power than to give written and instantaneous proof of their technical proficiency.

Apologising for the length of this letter, and trusting it may not be inconvenient for you to give it insertion,

We remain, sir, very respectfully yours,
FIFE AND DRUM.

A PLEA FOR CATHEDRAL ORGANISTS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

DEAR SIR,—While reading the article headed "Cathedral Music," in your number of last week, one or two remarks therein struck me as requiring some notice. Were the writer of that article a "cathedral organist," he would, I think, soon find out his mistake in supposing the choir to be "always at hand" for the trial and subsequent performance of compositions whether old or new.

He would quickly discover, to his heart's discontent, that there are never too many members present for the efficient performance of the daily service; and should these be requested to remain after service for any purpose, the number of excuses he would meet with on all sides would be sufficient to damp the ardour of the most enthusiastic.

Then the writer enlarges upon the "respectable and often handsome amount of organists' stipends."

Now I beg to remind him that a short time since, a deputation of some of our best cathedral organists waited upon the Cathedral Commissioners to "complain of the inadequate salaries paid to organists and choir-men."

One word more and I have done. Will he tell us of a better school of church-music than that which we now happily possess, wherein we may educate our "embryo" organists? I beg to enclose my card, and remain, very faithfully yours,
A YOUNG ORGANIST.

22nd August, 1855.

[We are glad to find our articles are likely to draw forth any of the disadvantages under which Cathedral Organists labour, and shall be always ready to assist in their removal. Our correspondent appears to take the word "school" in its most limited and literal sense. If he continues the perusal of our articles he will probably discover a key to what we recommend on the subject.—ED. M. W.]

AN ANSWER FOR ORGANISTS.

To the Editor of The Musical World.

Oakfield, Manchester, Aug. 21, 1855.

SIR,—I beg to inform your correspondent, "A Country Organist," that the minister of a church has no authority whatever over the organ, the custody of which is *entirely* in the hands of the churchwardens, and very properly so, as they are answerable for its being kept in order and repair. The churchwardens usually delegate the care of their instrument to the organist, who, of course, cannot undertake to take charge of the organ if any other party can permit it to be used. The clergyman can direct during what portions of the service the organ shall be played, and this is the extent of his power.

I can state positively that the above is a correct statement of the legal position of clergyman and churchwardens, as I have tested its truth, and heard of cases in which the question has been tried. I am, sir, yours respectfully,
R. S. J. B. JOVLE.

ITINERANT MUSIC SELLERS.

To the Editor of the Musical World.

SIR,—I am very glad that my letter has afforded so much pleasure to a "Professor of Twenty-three Years' Standing," and, not to be behind him in courtesy, I should have been still more gratified had he succeeded in refuting my arguments. This is a task he has still to perform, and I leave him to accomplish it as best he may. On the present occasion, I will only make a few remarks on his last letter. Passing over, for the present, the sneer about my self-respect, etc., I go at once to the so-called explanation of the expression, "now customary," to which I have already alluded. During my fourteen years' experience as a teacher, my dealings (in a large way) have been confined to two or three houses, and with these I have done business on the usual terms—terms which have certainly undergone no alteration during the period I have mentioned. I am at a loss then to conceive what my opponent means by saying that music can be bought *now* at half the price paid

for it a very few years ago. Are fourteen to be considered a "very few years?" If I go into Messrs. Cramer's shop, I pay precisely the same sum for a piece in 1855 as I did in 1841! Where then is the change, and whence the "enviable" increase in the profits on which the "Professor" so feelingly descants? I say nothing of the reasons which he says have induced publishers to lower their prices. I have long been of opinion that a great reform was needed in this particular; but that the publishers have made any such intimation to the profession, as a body, I can scarcely believe. Some report of the "clamour," of which your correspondent speaks, would surely have reached me in some way or other. But I can assure you, Mr. Editor, I never heard a syllable of the matter till now. Still less do I know of the double title-page "dodge." I can only say I should take special care to avoid the shop of a man who I knew to be guilty of such a disgraceful piece of cheating. One more remark before I leave this part of the "Professor's" letter. While expressing such virtuous indignation at what he calls the "dishonesty" of his brother teachers, he has never a word of reproof for the publishers who, in the coolest manner possible, deprive the unfortunate continental composers of their just rights. Nay, in some cases (like rooks) they even rob one another. Perhaps I may be told that the "law allows it;" but I have yet to learn that a bad law justifies a dishonest action.

The "Professor's" next paragraph deals with the question of the over-supply of music to pupils, and he describes the "sharp practice" which obtains in the case of schools. Now all this, for aught I know, may be true; for the "Professor" is, apparently, more up to the "tricks of the trade" than I pretend to be; and this may, perhaps, have constituted one of the "many profits" to which he alludes in his first letter. I believe it is generally acknowledged that there are some sharp practitioners in most professions, and, as ours can scarcely be exempt, I can only conclude that the disreputable practice complained of must be laid on their shoulders. I am quite sure that the respectable portion of the profession would scorn to employ so mean a way of adding to their incomes. For myself, I can truly say that I should be thoroughly ashamed of anything of the kind; and, in proof, I might enter into particulars of the way in which I treat my pupils in this respect. I will only say, however, that my chief difficulty is, not how to "foist" upon them a heap of unnecessary pieces, but to make them understand that it is better to learn one piece thoroughly, than to scramble through half a dozen without any satisfactory result.

In reply to the latter portion of the next paragraph, I beg to say that the "Professor" has either misconstrued, or willfully misunderstood my meaning. What I really said was this: "I trust I have shown the supply of music by the master to be a legitimate source of profit, even supposing he does introduce his own compositions." As the "Professor" expresses some small curiosity as to my own doings in that line, it may, perhaps, be satisfactory to him to know that I do occasionally get up a little "inspiration" on my own account; but, hitherto, I have been content to let my little efforts remain in manuscript (or, as the "Professor" might say, in *obscurity*); for so long as publishers can supply themselves *gratis* from the brains of our foreign brethren, they can scarcely be expected to extend their patronage to a native.

Of his concluding paragraph, I can only say that, if the anecdote of his publishing "friend" be true, the "good fellow" has little cause to be proud of his friendship. The "Professor" cannot surely be made of ordinary materials, for the man (and I write the words in no Joseph Surface spirit) who can thus hold up a friend to ridicule must be lost to all sense of shame and decency. Heaven, I say, preserve me from such a friend!

The "Professor," at the commencement of his last letter, is pleased to rally me on my self respect, etc. I can assure him that such a feeling has nothing whatever to do with "the profits"—it arises from a very different source, viz., the consciousness that I always endeavour to do my pupils justice to the utmost of my ability.

But a few more last words and I have done. I had occasion in noticing my opponent's former letter to correct his very erroneous and strange notions as to the functions of a physician. His last production contains blunders of so glaring a character that I would, in all charity, advise him to eschew illustration and quotation for the future. He speaks of the silversmiths of Ephesus as being poor. Let him turn to the story and he will find Demetrius addressing his friends in words like the following:—"Sirs, ye know that by this craft we have our wealth!" Further on he alludes to Peter Pindar's tale of the "Razor Seller," and in so doing falls into a mistake which may serve to convince him of the danger of meddling with *edge-tools*. Why, any little school boy could have told him that the razors in the funny and famous story were "made to sell!" To paraphrase a remark of his own, if the depth of

his reading and his appreciation of the humorous are commensurate with his musical knowledge and ability, he is certainly not much to be envied. With many apologies for the length to which my letter has run,

I remain, sir, yours obediently,

A TEACHER OF FOURTEEN YEARS' STANDING.

"GOD SAVE THE KING."

(From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.)

SEVERAL journals have lately asserted that the English national anthem, "God save the King," which, as is well known, passes generally as one of Händel's productions, was composed by the Frenchman Lully. This assertion is, however, not so recent as our readers might imagine, for it is contained in the *Mémoires* of Mad. de Créqui, with a string of commentaries and evidence, intended to prove its truth. The account of the matter, incidentally given in the course of a description of a grand reception of Louis XIV. in the Chapel of St. Cyr, is as follows:—

"One of the most ineffaceable impressions was that produced by the voices of all the young maidens, who, when the King appeared in his *tribune*, struck up, in unison, a kind of motet, or rather national anthem and song of praise, the words by Mad. de Brinon, and the music by the celebrated Lully. If you should feel any curiosity on the subject, there would be no difficulty in procuring the music for you, as a German, of the name of Händel, obtained possession of it on his journey to Paris, and dedicated it, for a certain sum, to King George of Hanover, and the English have openly adopted it as their national anthem."

This assertion that the English took their National Anthem from the French, found great favour with the latter, who regarded the matter as settled. A *feuilletoniste* of the *Indépendance Belge* has just demonstrated the improbability of such a supposition, if only from the fact that the character of the music of "God save the King" is completely different from that of Lully's compositions. The Belgian author goes on to say that this in no way justifies any claims of Händel upon the English National Anthem. The admirers of that great composer wanted to ascribe the music to him at all hazards, but the writer of the *Indépendance* says that it is quite as certain George the First's composer never contemplated composing any such hymn, and that in his manuscripts, which have been preserved with the greatest reverence, there is not the slightest trace of it to be found. But all doubt as to the composer of the English National Anthem is dispelled by Mr. Richard Clark, who, in a special pamphlet, adduces irrefutable and authentic proofs. The composer was—we are not joking—John Bull. This person was a well-known composer in England. He was born in the year 1563, in the county of Somerset, and, having evinced a great disposition for the art at an early age, was received, while still very young, as a doctor of music at the University of Oxford. He was appointed, by Queen Elizabeth, royal organist and professor at Gresham College. James I., Elizabeth's successor, appointed him his private organist. It is to this period that we must refer the composition of "God save the King," which John Bull composed in celebration of King James's wonderful escape from the famous Gunpowder Plot. It is a singular fact that John Bull subsequently left England for the purpose of seeking his fortune in foreign lands. Hitherto, it was never known what became of him. This gap, has, however, been now filled up by the *feuilletoniste* of the Belgian paper, who proves, from the archives of the Cathedral at Antwerp, that John Bull went to that city in 1617, was made organist to the Cathedral, and died at Antwerp in the year 1628.

STRASBURG.—Herr Richard Wagner's opera, *Tannhäuser*, attracted, on its first representation, a very large audience, who came out of motives of curiosity. It appears, however, that they were not particularly gratified, for, on the second representation, the house presented a most beggarly account of empty boxes.

PRAGUE.—Madame Medori has appeared with great success as Norma, Donna Anna, and Elvira.

DRESDEN.—Carl Maria von Weber's *Silvana* was given, last week, for the first time in this city.

HAYMARKET.—Mr. Planché's two-act comedy, *Court Favourite*, has been revived to introduce Miss Blanche Fane, a youthful *débutante*, to the London Stage. The idea on which the piece is founded—that of a young girl who turns the advances of a profligate nobleman against himself, by inducing him to rescue her lover from penury and disgrace, and, in the process, involving him in a ridiculous political intrigue—has much dramatic capability, and affords many and varied opportunities to a fair aspirant. In personal attributes, nature has been bountiful to Miss Fane, who is young, pretty, and walks the stage with that ease and self-possession, which, aided by a graceful form, and an appropriate toilet, are sure to arrest attention. In spite of an occasional appearance of effort in her delivery (a defect of inexperience) much of the dialogue was given with point and *naïveté*, especially in the short interviews with her lover, where her manner was more uniformly natural and impulsive. Miss Fane had a gratifying reception, and has succeeded in stimulating curiosity to see her.

On Thursday evening, a new burlesque, entitled *Olympus in a Muddle*, was produced. It is a "squib" on the neglect of Government to observe Mr. Layard's maxim of "the right man in the right place." Jupiter is represented as having quarrelled with his daughter Pallas, the Goddess of Wisdom, and, thinking he can, like other potentates nearer home, dispense with that quality altogether, proceeds to carry out his idea by appointing "the wrong men to the wrong places." Mars is made housemaid, Venus, commander-in-chief, and so on. Of course Jove, "ὁ πατήρ ἀνθρώπων τε θεῶν τε," is reduced to an awful dilemma, and ultimately compelled to adopt a more sensible system. The part of Jove was exceedingly well played by Mr. Compton, who was deservedly encoined in a humorous parody entitled, "Pallas, my daughter," written—of course—on the model of the celebrated "Ratcatcher's Daughter," the popularity of which is now beginning to be so painfully impressed upon our ears by those instruments of torture, the barrel-organs. The audience did not, however, seem to seize the bearing of the piece. In fact Administrative Reform appears to be under a passing cloud, and, consequently, although not unsuccessful, the burlesque did not achieve the decided triumph which usually attends the productions of its talented authors, the brothers Brough.

THE CHEVALIER JOSEPH CATRUFO died at his residence in Berners-street, on Sunday last, at the advanced age of 84. He was the author of several operas, as well as of musical works of a higher order, which are much esteemed. He also wrote a great number of studies for the voice, and a treatise on harmony and counterpoint.

BADEN.—The new Assembly Rooms, or "palace," as they may be appropriately called, are now completed, and out rival in magnificence every other establishment of the kind in any capital of Europe. They were inaugurated by a grand concert given on the 14th inst.

BRESLAU.—The *Musik-Fest* was brought to a close by a grand performance of Mozart's *Don Juan*. The house was crowded to suffocation.

POSEN.—The military music choruses united to give a grand concert on the 17th inst., for the benefit of Herr Bock's Institute for Decayed Military Musicians.

BROMBERG.—The operatic company from Stettin has been playing to excellent houses.

BRUNSWICK.—The theatre has re-opened, after a long season, with *La Dame Blanche*.

MANNHEIM.—*Le Prophète* has been produced with great magnificence. In the last scene of the last act, the whole stage sinks, with all the *dramatis personæ*, who are buried beneath the falling ruins, while the city of Munster appears in the background, like a phoenix rising from its ashes.

HAMBURGH.—Herr Sachse intends opening the theatre in a day or two for comic opera. Mlle. Agnes Büry is engaged. A fountain has been erected in the middle of the orchestra. It will play during the acts, and is intended to cool the house. The musicians are arranged on each side of it.

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